

THE  
HUMOURS  
OF THE  
FLEET  
*K. Fleet Prison*  
An humorous, descriptive POEM.

Written by a Gentleman

Under the following Heads, *VIZ.*

- I. His being arrested for Debt, and hurried away by those horrid merciless Fellows the Bailiffs to the Spunging-House.
- II. His not liking the exorbitant Demands of that Place, is by a *Habeas Corpus* brought over to the *Fleet Prison*.
- III. His being receiv'd by the Turn-key, is introduc'd to a proper Place, in order (as they term it) to *paint his Face*, to prevent his making an Escape in Disguise through the *Figg*.
- IV. The merry Scene between the Prisoner, the Chamberlain, the Chum and the Cook, and particularly describing several Collegians.

WITH A  
PREFACE,  
CONTAINING  
A Sketch of Part of the YOUNG  
LIFE and FAMILY.

Interpers'd with Critical and Explanatory Notes.

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1749.





THE  
P R E F A C E.

4 1765



It is customary for Readers to expect an Apology from Authors for their Writings, and I think indeed those of a low Class ought never to publish without one.

'Tis true such great Men as *Shakespear*, *Milton*, *Buttler*, or *Dryden*, need make none to their Works, but common Scribblers should, I think, offer some Excuse for troubling the Publick.

For my Part, I honestly confess, that for the same Reason as I publish'd *A Voyage to Ipswich* four Years since, (when I pass'd the Summer there) I now publish *The Humours of the Fleet*, viz. with a View to get Money. If I succeed no worse now than I did then, I shall have no Cause to complain.

As to the following *Humours of the Fleet*, (scarce worthy the Name of a Poem) I shall only say of it, that I made the Observations,

A 2

which



which enabled me to draw the Draught, upon the Spot, during my Imprisonment there.

This Confession I think necessary for several Reasons; but I shall at present, for Brevity's Sake, (as *Vellum* says in *The Drummer*) mention but three.

*Imprimis*, Because I hope my Readers will more readily believe the Justness of the Descriptions. *Secondly*, Because, if I should not confess it, it would be found out in the Course of the Poem. *Thirdly and lastly*, Because I am conscious my going thither was attended with such Circumstances that I need not be ashamed should be known, and because I look upon this seeming Misfortune as a Blessing in my Life.

There, I think, I learnt never to despair of getting over the greatest Difficulties, nor to repine at the Miseries incident to human Nature.

I doubt not but the more candid Part of my Readers, will distinguish between Misfortunes which are the Consequence of ill Success and Indiscretion, and such as are the Effects of Dishonesty and Villany; mine, I confess, were owing to the Former, but hope no-body can justly charge me with being guilty of the Latter.

As my Character for several Years has been pretty publick, I don't know but some Account of myself before I went to the Place, where I made the following Observations, may be agreeable to my Readers.

But this Account, I am afraid, will have something of the Air of a Dying Speech; because



cause the Loss of Liberty is allow'd to have some Affinity to the Loss of Life. However, according to the Example of a celebrated Brother Comedian, of far superior Reputation, I will venture to give a short Sketch of my Life, as it may be necessary to know by what Means I was brought to Confinement. Be pleas'd then to take what follows for Truth.

I was born in *London*, my Father an approv'd Mason, and good Architect. Among other publick Edifices which he built, *Buckingham House* in St. *James's-Park* was the first, the Lord *Castlemaine's* upon *Epping Forest*, and *Guy's-Hospital* in *Southwark* were the last.

My Education was such as is usual for reputable Tradesmen to give Children they design for Business, and accordingly having serv'd my Apprenticeship, I began the World very young, with a tolerable Fortune, which I soon made better by marrying. But by some Indiscretions, too large Dealings, and very great Losses, it was in a few Years all run out. I then went to *Ireland*, and betook myself to the Stage; from whence returning to *England*, I was many Years in the several Theatres in *London*: Where, making no very considerable Figure, (tho' generally reckon'd passable) I again engag'd in Trade, with a View to get something to support me in my old Age. However, for want of Stock, and perhaps good Oeconomy, I found myself once more reduc'd, and consenting to give a Judgment, was a second Time tore to Pieces. It was then that a severe Creditor

ditor, &c. but I think it is time to stop; for I'm just at the Place of Execution, and if this has not the Air of a Dying Speech, I don't know what has, unless it be one of *Guthrie's* own writing. In brief, I was sent to the *Fleet*, whence I expected never to return alive; but after some Time a Reprieve came, and by the last Insolvent Act, among many other my Fellow Sufferers, I was set at Liberty.

It may be observ'd from hence, (as is said of *Scrub in the Stratagem*) that if Variety be a Pleasure in Life, I have had enough of it; but I don't tell you whether it be a Variety of Pleasure, or a Variety of Pain, or of both; and to speak honestly, I can't tell which I have had most of. Some Philosophers will tell you every Man has an equal Share of them, but that I can't say much to. Mr. *Pope*, in the Beginning of his *Essay on Man*, insinuates, That there is no just Standard for Happiness, and so consequently for Misery. But Want and Disease are certainly real Evils, as Health and Competency are undeniable Goods; yet, it is certain, a chearful Heart and patient Temper, may baffle the Severities of the Former, as an uneasy and unthankful Disposition will destroy the Comforts of the Latter.

Nothing is more notorious, than that some shall be tasteless to those Pleasures that may give others the highest Delight; and I have seen many Instances of Men's being ready to break their Hearts for Misfortunes that would scarce move another. I receiv'd once the News of a  
 Person's

Person's running away Five Hundred Pounds in my Debt, and I don't remember I broke my Rest for it; yet I knew an old Miser worth Thousands that hang'd himself for Madnefs because he was cheated out of Fifty.

Pleasure and Pain, therefore, greatly depend upon the particular Texture and Constitution of the Man, and upon those Circumstances which affect him at different Times, so as to occasion in him a Sensation of the one Kind or the other; but as these depend upon Fancy and private Opinion, there is no fixing a general Standard for them.

Perfect Happiness is certainly incompatible with the Nature of Man; but there are several Qualities, which if possess'd at once, may, in my humble Opinion, make him approach very near to it, and are as follows: A sound Constitution, join'd with a distinguishing Judgment, and a general good Taste of Books, Men, and Things; not void of Passions, but possess'd of Virtue and Art direct to them, so that they may afford him such Pleasures as he need not be ashamed of enjoying, or ever have Cause to repent. Add to these, he should be so happy in his Circumstances, as to be able to do good to those he thought proper Subjects of his Benevolence, and to take great Delight in doing it. Thus qualified, the Man in my Opinion, is able to enjoy the most delicate Pleasures that the human Heart is capable of receiving.

That



That there may be such a one I believe, and I have lately had the Pleasure of observing a Gentleman, who, I am sure, answers to Part of the Character; and may, for ought I know (and I hope he does) possess every one of these Qualifications requisite to make him the happy Man above describ'd. Such Men cannot be supposed to be acquainted with the Nature of his Majesty's *Fleet* hereafter describ'd: and therefore as it is novel, may afford some Amusement to them (as well as to others) who think fit to purchase this Pamphlet.



( 9 )



4 JY 65  
THE  
H U M O U R S  
OF THE  
F L E E T.



E Sons of Riot and Imprudence come,  
Regard my Voice, and learn your future  
Doom :

Good-natur'd Spendthrifts, idle, easy Fools,  
Who are, to Knaves and Sharpers, Dupes and Tools :  
Law-loving Numsculls, such as toil and sweat,  
To pay for Fees and Briefs 'till plung'd in Debt :  
Lift too, ye Over-generous and Free,  
Who feel too nicely other's Misery ;

B

Whose

Whose Hearts and Purfes readily attend,  
 And always open are, t'assist a Friend:  
 For sure as rising Floods will ebb again,  
 Excessive Pleasures always preface Pain;  
 Sure as Mortality's annex'd to Life,  
 Or Wedlock rarely is exempt from Strife;  
 Sure as the Needle vibrates to the North,  
 Or foul Detraction flanders Men of Worth;  
 So sure the full-mouth'd Creditors will strive,  
 To run down starting Debtors while alive:  
 For when you've pleaded all that you can say,  
 'Tis Crime sufficient if you cannot pay  
 The Balance; 'tis the Balance is the Case!  
 Pay but the Balance, and they'll shew you Grace:  
 Like Teague, (a) whose other Stratagems were crost,  
 Found none so good as paying Debt and Cost:  
 But fail in this, you surely go to pot,  
 Away to Durance, there to starve or rot;

(a) An *Irishman* in the *Fleet* said, he wou'd get out by a Stratagem, which Stratagem (by his own *Discourse*) was to raise the Money, and pay his Plaintiff.

Unless,



Unless, which seldom haps, you chance to meet  
A Debtor honest, Creditor discreet.

O rueful Poverty, thou meagre Shade,  
Avoided even of those, by whom thou'rt made!  
Friendship at thy Appearance frighted flies,  
And sleek Prosperity shuts both her Eyes;  
Courtiers avoid thee worse than Pestilence,  
And if not scorn'd, thou'rt shunn'd by Men of Sense:  
Thy best Acquaintance is a chearful Heart,  
But he, when Want approaches, will depart:  
Abhorr'd Attendants then in haste appear,  
Invet'rate Malice first, and always near  
Incessant Clamour with his hundred Tongues,  
And bawling Calumny with iron Lungs,  
Loudly for Justice crying, one and all,  
Law, Justice, and Confinement is their Call;  
Then seiz'd and hurried to a Spunging-House,  
Where, when they've fleec'd your Purse of ev'ry  
Souce,

You're dragg'd remorseless to some dismal Place,  
 Where never Cleanliness displays its Face;  
 Where Beds of musty Straw o'erspread the Floor,  
 Through gaping Chasms blasting Vapours pour.  
 Where Vermin crawl, and pining Sickness dwells;  
 A State unrivall'd, but in *Newgate* Cells:  
 This must your unavoided Portion be,  
 Unless your friendly Pocket sets you free;  
 A Recipe that's seldom known to fail,  
 'Twill bring a *Habeas* (b), and you chuse your Jail.

CLOSE by the Borders of a slimy Flood,  
 Which now in secret rumbles thro' the Mud;  
 (Tho' heretofore it roll'd expos'd to Light,  
 Obnoxious to th'offended City's Sight.) (c)

TWIN Arches now the sable Stream enclose,  
 Upon whose Basis late a Fabrick rose;

IN

(b) A *Habeas Corpus*, by Virtue of which the Body is removed from one Prison to another.

(c) Where the *Fleet-Market* is now, there was, a few Years since, a Ditch, with a muddy Channel of Water. The Market was

In whose extended oblong Boundaries,  
 Are Shops and Sheds, and Stalls of all Degrees,  
 For Fruit, Meat, Herbage, Trinkets, Pork and Peas:  
 A prudent City Scheme, and kindly meant;  
 The Town's oblig'd, their Worships touch the Rent.

NEAR this commodious Market's miry Verge,  
 The Prince of Prisons stands, compact and large;  
 Where, by the Jigger's (*d*) more than magick Charm,  
 Kept from the Pow'r of doing Good, — or Harm,  
 Relenting Captives inly ruminate  
 Misconduct past, and curse their present State;  
 Tho' sorely griev'd, few are so void of Grace,  
 As not to wear a seeming chearful Face:  
 In Drink or Sports ungrateful Thoughts must die,  
 For who can bear Heart-wounding Calumny?  
 Therefore Cabals engage of various Sorts,  
 To walk, to drink, or play at different Sports:

was built at the Expence of the Lord-Mayor and Court of Aldermen, who receive the Rent for it.

(*d*) The Door-keeper, or he who opens and shuts the *Jigg*, is call'd the *Jigger*.

Here



Here on the oblong Table's verdant Plain,  
 The ivory Ball bounds and rebounds again; (e)  
 There at Backgammon two sit *tete a tete*,  
 And curse alternately their adverse Fate;  
 There are at Cribbage, those at Whist engag'd,  
 And as they lose, by turns become enrag'd:  
 Some of a more sedantry Temper, read  
 Chance-medley Books, which duller Dulness breeds;  
 Or politicks in Coffee-Room, some pore  
 The Papers and Advertisements thrice o'er:  
 Warm'd with the *Alderman*, (f) some sit up late,  
 To fix th' Insolvent Bill, and Nation's Fate:  
 Hence, knotty Points at different Tables rise,  
 And either Party's wond'rous, wond'rous wise:  
 Some of low Taste, ring Hand Bells, direful Noise!  
 And interrupt their Fellow's harmless Joys;  
 Disputes more noisy now a Quarrel breeds,  
 And Fools on both Sides fall to Loggerheads:

(e) Billiards a very common Game here.

(f) Fine Ale drunk in the Coffee-Room, call'd the *Alderman*,  
 because brew'd at Alderman *Parsons's*.

'Till wearied with persuasive Thumps and Blows,  
They drink and Friends, as tho' they ne'er were Foes.

WITHOUT Distinction, intermix'd is seen,  
A 'Squire quite dirty, a Mechanick clean:  
The Spendthrift Heir, who in his Chariot roll'd,  
All his Possessions gone, Reversions fold,  
Now mean, as once profuse, the stupid Sor  
Sits by a *Runner's* Side, (g) and *shules* (h) a Pot.

SOME Sots ill-manner'd, drunk, a harmless Flight!  
Rant noisy thro' the Galleries all Night;  
For which, if Justice had been done of late,  
The Pump (i) had been three pretty Masters Fate.  
With Stomachs empty, and Heads full of Care,  
Some Wretches swill the Pump and walk the Bare (k);

(g) A *Runner*, is a Fellow that goes Abroad of Errands for the Prisoners.

(h) A common Cant Word for Mumping.

(i) Persons who give any considerable Offence, are often try'd, and undergo the Discipline of the Pump. The Author was one of these in a drunken Frolick, for which he condemns himself.

(k) A spacious Place, where there are all Sorts of Exercises, but especially Fives.

Within

Within whose ample Oval is a Court,  
 Where the more Active and Robust resort,  
 And glowing exercise a manly Sport.

(Strong Exercise with mod'rate Food is good,  
 It drives in sprightly Streams the circling Blood ;)  
 While these with Rackets strike the flying Ball,  
 Some play at Nine-pins, Wrestlers take a Fall ;  
 Beneath a Tent some drink, and some above  
 Are sily in their Chambers making Love :  
*Venus* and *Bacchus* each keeps here a Shrine,  
 And many Vot'ries have to Love and Wine.

SUCH the Amusement of this merry Jail,  
 Which you'll not reach, if Friends or Money fail :  
 For e'er its three-fold Gates it will unfold,  
 The destin'd Captive must produce some Gold :  
 Four Guineas at the least, for diff'rent Fees,  
 Compleats your *Habeas*, and commands the Keys ;  
 Which done, and safely in, no more you're led,  
 If you have Cash, you'll find a Friend and Bed ;

But



But that deficient, you'll but Ill betide,  
Lie in the Hall, (l) perhaps or Common Side (m).

BUT now around you gazing *Jiggers* swarm, (n)  
To draw your Picture, that's their usual Term ;  
Your Form and Features strictly they survey,  
Then leave you (if you can) to run away.

To them succeeds the Chamberlain, to see  
If you and he are likely to agree ;  
Whether you'll *tip*(o), and pay your Master's *Fee*(p).  
Ask him how much ? 'Tis one Pound six and eight ;  
And if you want, he'll not the Two-pence bate :  
When paid ; he puts on an important Face,  
And shews *Mount-scoundrel* for a charming Place : (q)

C

You

(l) A publick Place free for all Prisoners.

(m) Where those lie who can't pay their Master's Fee.

(n) There are several of those *Jiggers* or Door keepers, who relieve one another, and when a Prisoner comes first in, they take a nice Observation of him, for fear of his escaping.

(o) A Cant Word for giving some Money in order to shew a Lodging.

(p) Which is one Pound six Shillings and Eight-pence, and then you are entituled to a Bed on the Master's Side, for which you pay so much *per Week*.

(q) *Mount-scoundrel*, so call'd from its being highly situated, and belonging once to the common Side, tho' lately added to the Master's

You stand astonish'd at the darken'd Hole,  
Sighing, the Lord have Mercy on my Soul!  
And ask, have you no other Rooms, Sir, pray?  
Perhaps enquire what Rent too, you're to pay:  
Entreating that he wou'd a better seek;  
The Rent (cries gruffly's) — Half a Crown a Week.  
The Rooms have all a Price, some good, some bad;  
But pleasant ones at present can't be had:  
This Room, in my Opinion's — not amiss;  
Then cros his venal Palm with half a Piece, (r) }  
He strait accosts you with another Face.

SIR, you're a Gentleman; — I like you well,  
But who are such at first, we cannot tell;  
Tho' your Behaviour speaks you what I thought,  
And therefore I'll oblige you as I ought:

How your Affairs may stand, I do not know?  
But here Sir, Cash does frequently run low.

Master's; if there be room in the House, this Place is first  
empty, and the Chamberlain commonly shews this to raise his  
Price upon you for a better.

(r) Half a Guinea.

I'll serve you, — don't be lavish, — only mum !

Take my Advice, I'll help you to a Chum ? (s)

A Gentleman, Sir, see — and hear him speak,

With him you'll pay but fifteen Pence a Week ; (t)

Yet his Apartment's in the Upper Floor, (u)

Well-furnish'd, clean and nice ; who'd wish for more ?

A Gentleman of Wit and Judgment too !

Who knows the Place : (x) What's what, and who

is who :

My Praise alas ! can't equal his Deserts ;

In brief, — you'll find him, Sir, a Man of Parts.

Thus while his fav'rite Friend he recommends,

He compasses at once their several Ends ;

The new come Guest is pleas'd, that he shou'd meet

So kind a Chamberlain, a Chum so neat :

(s) A Bedfellow so call'd.

(t) When you have a Chum, you pay but 15 Pence per Week each, and indeed that is the Rent of a whole Room, if you find Furniture.

(u) The Upper Floors are accounted best here, for the same Reason as they are at *Edinburgh*, which, I suppose, every Body knows.

(x) It is common to mention the *Fleet* by the Name of the *Place*, and I suppose it is call'd the *Place* by way of Eminence, because there is not such another.



But, as conversing thus, they nearer come,  
Behold before his Door the destin'd Chum.

WHY stood he there, himself could scarcely tell :  
But there he had not stood, had Things gone well :  
Had one poor Half-penny but blest his Fob,  
Or if in Prospect he had seen a Job,  
H' had strain'd his Credit for a Dram of Bob ; (y)  
But now in pensive Mood, with Head down-cast,  
His Eyes transfix'd as tho' they look'd their last ;  
One Hand his open Bosom lightly held,  
And one an empty Breeches Pocket fill'd : (z)  
His Dowlas Shirt no Stock or Cravat bore,  
And on his Head, no Hat or Wig he wore ;  
But a once black-shag Cap, surcharg'd with Sweat ;  
His Collar here a Hole, and there a Pleat ;  
Both grown alike in Colour, that — alack !  
This neither now was White, nor that was Black ;

(y) A Cant Word for a Dram of Geneva.

(z) It may be objected that an empty Breeches Pocket is not full, but, when it is empty, it may be fill'd ; so that the Meaning is, that it was empty before his Hand was in it.

But

But match'd his dirty yellow Beard so true,  
They form'd a three-fold Cast of Brick dust Hue,  
Meagre his Look, and in his nether Jaw  
Was stuff'd an elemosynary Chew; (a)  
(Whose Juice serves present Hunger to assuage,  
Which yet returns again with tenfold Rage;)  
His Coat, which catch'd the Droppings from his Chin,  
Was clos'd at Bottom with a Corking-Pin;  
His Breeches Waistband a long Skewer made fast,  
Which he from *Scotland* Dunghill snatch'd in  
Haste; (b)  
His Shirt-Tail thin as Lawn, but not so white,  
Barely conceal'd his lank Affairs from Sight;  
Loose were his Knee-Bands, and untied his Hose,  
Coax'd (c) in the Heel, in pulling o'er his Toes;

(a) A Chew of Tobacco, suppos'd to be given him.

(b) The Necessary House is (by the Prisoners) commonly called *Scotland*, near which is a Dunghill, for the Reception of Dirt, and such Offal as is thrown out; and therefore 'tis to be suppos'd he might find a Skewer there, at a Time, when, for haste the Button of his Breeches might be suppos'd to come off.

(c) When there are Holes above Heel, or the Feet are so bad in a Stocking, that you are forced to pull them to hide the Holes or cover the Toes, it is call'd *Coaxing*.

Which

Which spite of all his circumspective Care,  
Did thro' his broken dirty Shoes appear.

Just in this hapless Trim and pensive Plight,  
The old Collegian (*d*) stood confest'd to Sight;  
Whom, when our new-come Guest at first beheld,  
He started back, with great Amazement fill'd;  
Turns to the Chamberlain, says, blest my Eyes!  
Is this the Man you told me was so nice?  
I meant his Room was so, Sir, he replies;  
The Man is now in Dishabille and Dirt,  
He shaves To-morrow tho', and turns his Shirt;  
Stand not at Distance, I'll present you, come  
My Friend how is't? I've brought you here a  
Chum;

One that's a Gentleman; — a worthy Man,  
And you'll oblige me, serve him all you can.

(*d*) As the Prison is often call'd the *College*, so it is common to call a Prisoner *Collegian*; and this Character is taken from a Man who had been many Years in the Place, and like to continue his Life; but it is hard for those who had not seen him to judge of the Truth of the Draught.



THE Chums salute, the old Collegian first  
 Bending his Body almost to the Dust ;  
 Upon his Face unusual Smiles appear,  
 And long abandon'd Hope his Spirits chear ;  
 Thought he, Relief's at hand, and I shall eat ; —  
 Will you walk in, good Sir, and take a Seat !  
 We have what's decent here, tho' not compleat ; }  
 As for myself I scandalize the Room,  
 But you'll confider, Sir, that I'm at Home ;  
 Tho' had I thought a Stranger to have seen,  
 I should have order'd Matters to've been clean :  
 But here amongst ourselves we never mind,  
 Borrow or lend, — reciprocally kind ;  
 Regard not Drefs ; — tho' Sir, I have a Friend  
 Has Shirts enough, and if you please I'll send.  
 No Ceremony, Sir, — you give me Pain ;  
 I have a clean Shirt, Sir. — But have you twain ?  
 O yes, and twain to boot, and those twice told,  
 Besides, I thank my Stars a Piece of Gold.

Why

Why then I'll be so free, Sir, as to borrow,  
 I mean a Shirt, Sir, — only till To-morrow.  
 You're welcome, Sir, — I'm glad you are so free:  
 Then turns the old Collegian round with Glee;  
 Whispers the Chamberlain with secret Joy,  
 We live To-night! — I'm sure he'll pay his Foy:  
 Turns to his Chum again with Eagerness,  
 And thus bespeaks him with his best Address:

SEE, Sir, how pleasant, what a Prospect's there;  
 Below you see them sporting on the Bare;  
 Above the Sun, Moon, Stars, engage the Eye,  
 And those Abroad can't see beyond the Sky:  
 These Rooms are better far than those beneath,  
 A clearer Light, a sweeter Air we breath;  
 A decent Garden does our Window grace,  
 With Plants untainted, undistain'd the Glass;  
 No Urinals, furcharg'd with Dirt or Soil,  
 Dash on the Pent-house, and our Blossoms spoil;

But

But welcome Showers descending from above  
 In gentle Drops of Rain, which Flowers love;  
 In short, Sir, nothing can be well more sweet;  
 But I forgot, — perhaps you chuse to eat;  
 Tho' for my Part I've nothing of my own,  
 To-day I scrap'd my Yesterday's Blade-Bone;  
 But we can send — Ay, Sir, with all my Heart,  
 (Then very opportunely enters *Smart*.) (e)  
 O here's our Cook, he dresses all Things well;  
 Will you sup here, or do you chuse the Cell?  
 There's mighty good Accommodations there,  
 Rooms plenty, or a Box in *Bartholm' Fair*; (f)  
 There too we can divert you, and may shew  
 Some Characters are worth your while to know,  
 Replies the new Collegian, nothing more  
 I wish to see, be pleas'd to go before;  
 And *Smart* provide a handsome Dish for Four.

(e) The Name of the Cook in the Kitchen.

(f) A Place in the Cellar, call'd *Bartholomew Fair*.



Too generous Man ! but 'tis our hapless Fate  
 In all Conditions, to be wise too late ;  
 For even in Prison, those who have been free  
 Will shew, if able, Generosity ;  
 Yet find too soon, when lavish of their Store,  
 How hard when gone, it is to come at more ;  
 And every Artifice in vain explore. }  
 Some Messages Abroad, by Runners send,  
 Some Letters write to move an absent Friend ;  
 And by Submission having begg'd a Crown,  
 In one Night's Revel here they'll kick it down. (g)  
 'Tis true, this one Excuse they have indeed,  
 When others *Cole* it (b), they as freely *bleed* : (i)  
 When the Wind's fair, and brings in Ships with  
 Store, (k)  
 Each spends in turn, and trusts to Fate for more.

- (g) A Phrase for spending Money fast.  
 (b) *Cole*, it signifies having Money.  
 (i) *Bleed* also signifies spending.  
 (k) When a Messenger or Friend brings Money from abroad,  
 to the Prisoners, it is usual to say a Ship is arriv'd.

As lately four, united in a Room,  
 Agreed to share between them all that come;  
 Each one had Friends, tho' few, but none cou'd tell  
 Where, for a Certainty, to get a Meal;  
 One a fair Hand cou'd write, and *petty-fog*, (l)  
 And often, very often touch'd a *Hog*; (m)  
 One Panegyricks wrote in Poetry, (n)  
 Which sometimes brought a Twelver, two or three;  
 And once, by wond'rous Chance, a Half Guinea:  
 A Third cou'd play, and understood the best; (o)  
 But for the Fourth, he far surpass'd the rest;  
 Stood by his Conforts in the worst of Times,  
 When neither Play wou'd do, nor Law, nor Rhimes:  
 And this his Excellence, — he'd raise a *Raffle*; (p)  
 And for it beg, steal, borrow, coax or baffle:

(l) A Term for acting as a Lawyer without knowing much of the Matter.

(m) A Shilling.

(n) He was the Author of this Poem.

(o) He had been a Sort of Gambler or Sharper.

(p) A Cant Word for a Meal.

From Room to Room run, touching half a Win, (q)

Under Pretence to get a Dram of Gin :

And having rais'd a *Flitch*, (r) he'd call a-main

For half a Dozen quickly in the *Ten* ; (s)

Ask *Smart* to drink, — about the Kitchen leer,

And *shule* a Plate of Fragments for some Beer ;

Look sharp for those had more than they could eat,

And truck a Draught of *Boose*, (t) for Bits of Meat ;

Nay, after all, if Commons run too short,

Pledge, to compleat the Meal, his Coat or Shirt :

Keep close within till something came about,

And he who first had Money, fetch'd it out.

But to return, —————

The future Chums and Chamberlain descend

The Dirt-knot Stairs, (u) and t'wards the Kitchen bend ;

(q) A Half penny.

(r) Six-pence, being half a Shilling, which is term'd a Hog in Cant.

(s) Two Quarts of Beer, call'd half a Dozen, because half a Dozen or Six Pence pays for it. The *Ten* was the Room in the Cellar where these four Associates lay, and us'd to spend most of their Money.

(t) Another Name for Beer.

(u) Some of the Dirt upon the Stairs is trod in Knots so hard it is almost impossible to break it.

Which



Which gain'd, they find a merry Company,  
 Lifting to Tales (from *Smart*) of Baudry,  
 All introduc'd with aukward Simile; (x)  
 Whose Applications miss the Purpose pat: (y)  
 But in the Fire now burns th'unheeded Fat;  
 Whose sudden Blaze brings *L—nd—r* roaring in, (z)  
 Then *Smart* looks foolish, and forsakes his Grin;  
 The laughing Audience alter too their Tone,  
 For who can smile, that sees *Tom L—nd—r* frown:  
 He, magisterial, rules the panic Cell,  
 And rivals *Belzebub*,—in looking well:  
 Indignant now, he darts malicious Eyes,  
 While each Dependant from the Kitchen flies;  
 Leaves *Smart* to combat with his furious Ire,  
 Who heeds him not, but strives to clear the Fire;

(x) *Smart* generally begins his Stories with a *That's like, &c.* tho' it's not at all like the Story he tells.

(y) It is usual to say hit the Purpose, but not miss it; yet the Author conceives, those who know *Smart* will allow the Phrase, tho' not grammatical, to be Characteristick, for he had a Way of suffering in his Stories in a Manner as if they were the most applicable, tho' they prov'd otherwise.

(z) The Master of the Cellar, a Man of a variable Temper, very passionate, malicious, and ill-natur'd at some times, at others very well.

Blowing

Blowing and stirring still, no Pains he spares,  
 And mute remains, while Major Domo swears;  
 Who bellows loud Anathemas on *Smart*,  
 And the last Curse he gives in D—mn your Heart;  
 His trembling Lips are pale, his Eyeballs roll,  
 Till spent with Rage, he quits him with a Growl.

Now, as our new-come Guest observ'd this Scene,  
 (As odd a one perhaps as can be seen)  
 He first on *Smart*, next on his Master gaz'd,  
 And at the two Extreame seem'd much amaz'd;  
 Which *Smart* perceiving, says in sober Mood,  
 Sir, I've a thousand Times his Fury flood;  
 But yet the Man, tho' passionate, is good;  
 I never speak when he begins to bawl,  
 For should I swear like him, the House would fall;  
 In half an Hour he'll be quite cool again,  
 And, *my dear Jemmy mind*, it will be then:  
 The Truth is, I am his, he is my Friend,  
 And neither knows where we ourselves can mend:

But

But to the Point; — you say a Dish for Four  
 You'd have for Supper: — Have a little more;  
 Perhaps a Friend of mine may take a Bit,  
 That is, (excuse me, Sir) if you think fit;  
 'Tis true, enough as good is as a Feast,  
 And that reminds me of a merry Jest;  
 Once an old Woman, in a gen'rous Vein,  
 Provides a Dinner for her labouring Men,  
 Herself when ready, bears it to the Field,  
 And stays till all was eat. Then up she held  
 Her Hands, and cry'd, good Lord! I think 'tis  
 done,  
 There's just enough I find for every one;  
 Then takes the well-scrap'd Platter Home again,  
 And leaves with half a Belly-full her Men.  
 Nor so, my Friends, I hope will be your Lot,  
 We'll roast a Fowl, as also boil the Pot;  
 But first let's whet, Sir: Here a Pint of Wine,  
 If Master comes himself, I'll touch him fine;

Say



Say something to him that shall make it up,  
 Perhaps prevail upon him too to sup;  
 He's (when the Humour takes him) pretty free,  
 Perhaps will be his Bottle, two or three;  
 But—oh!—he's bringing now the Wine,—nay then,  
 It's plain he's coming to himself again:  
 I'll footh him, as I said. — Sir, if you please,  
 This Gentleman wou'd have a Dish of Peas:  
 A Fowl with Oyfter Sauce, and Saufages:  
 He's just come in, and hopes you'll be so free  
 To sup with him, and this good Company.  
 I thank him, *L—nd—r* says, but now be sure  
 You spoil the Supper, do, — you heedless Cur:  
 Put out the Fire again, you drunken Sot,  
 With your old Woman's Tales of none knows what;  
 Pox, can't you gossip when your Work is done;  
 Learn how to time your Stories, and your Fun:  
 Then fill his Glafs. — Here, Sir, with all my Heart;  
 When round it goes to all, excepting *Smart*;  
 Who,

Who, leering at his Master, says, your Will

I find Sir is, that I must lose my Gill.

But it's no Matter, — I am glad you're well;

Then lifts his Arm, and pulls the pendant Bell:

Calls *Summerfield*, (*a*) who answers Here, here, here;

And Shews them to a Box in *Bartholm*' Fair.

Here different Companies, at every Seat,

Of this or that, on various Subjects treat;

And all by Turns their Grievances repeat:

Lament they are unjustly sent to Jail,

And 'gainst their Plaintiffs virulently rail:

Each for the Good he 'as done, himself commends,

And not a Man, but has ungrateful Friends.

WHERE shall we find in other Company,

A Point wherein all do, like these, agree?

And, (strange to tell) about their Honesty.

(*a*) The principal Tapster.

E

EVEN

EVEN *Isaac H-lb-t, T-yl-r, S-ms, and M-ul;*  
*Jack P-qu-t, J-rd-n, H-rt-on, S-th, and*  
*Hall: (b)*

These, and some hundred others too beside,  
Believe themselves upon the injur'd Side.  
And where's the Wonder? 'Tis a Rule, (observe)  
From which Mankind in general rarely swerve;  
Where Benefits have pass'd reciprocal,  
And Disagreements afterwards befall;  
Each Party shall the Obligation claim,  
And both against Ingratitude exclaim:  
Nay each does really think himself aggriev'd;  
Yet you'll allow, that one must be deceiv'd:  
But from what Cause, does then this Diff'rence  
flow?

'Tis hard to tell, yet I'll attempt to shew.

(b) The Names of Prisoners not very remarkable for their  
Honesty; but especially the first, who was accounted a very  
sad Dog.

THUS



Thus then —————

Self-love, Pride, Partiality, Conceit,  
 Do in the human Composition meet:  
 The Favours then from others we receive,  
 We think our Merits claim ; but when we give,  
 We oft' wou'd keep the Good we part with, still  
 Impose a kind of Force upon our Will:  
 Self-love o'er-balanc'd is, by Pride and Fame,  
 And what we do is often for a Name :  
 But once th' o'er-rated Act, reluctant done ;  
 We to it's Size proportion the Return:  
 And if in this our Expectations fail,  
 Then comes the Turn to villify and rail.

BUT I forgot ; — the Stranger and his Chum,  
 With t'other two, to *Barb'l'mew Fair* are come ;  
 Where being seated, and the Supper past,  
 They drink so deep, and put about so fast,

E 2

That

That 'ere the warning Watchman walks about,  
 With dismal Tone repeating,— Who goes out? (c)  
 'Ere St. *Paul's* Clock no longer will with hold  
 From striking Ten, and the Voice cries,— All  
 told; (d)

'Ere this, our new Companions, every one  
 In roaring Mirth and Wine, so far were gone,  
 That every Sense from ev'ry Part was fled,  
 And were with Difficulty got to Bed;  
 Where in the Morn, recover'd from his Drink,  
 The new *Collegian* may have Time to think;  
 And recollecting how he spent the Night,  
 Explore his Pockets, and not find a Doit.

Too thoughtless Man to lavish thus away  
 A Week's Support in less than half a Day;

(c) *Who goes out*, is repeated by Watchmen Prisoners, from half an Hour after Nine, till St. *Paul's* Clock strikes Ten, to give Visitors Notice to depart.

(d) While St. *Paul's* is striking Ten, the Watchmen don't call *Who goes out*, but when the last Stroke is given, they cry *All told*; at which Time the Gates are lock'd, and no-body suffer'd to go out upon any Account.

But

But 'tis a Curse attends this wretched Place,

To pay for dear-bought Wit in little Space:

The Time shall come, when this new Tenant here,

Will in his Turn *shule* for a Pot of Beer ;

Repent the melting of his Cash too fast,

And snap at Strangers for a Night's Repast.

HENCE let us learn to prize our Liberty ;

To act with Justice and Œconomy,

The best Assurances for being free.

F I N I S.







*A NEW YEAR'S GIFT to my little Boys,  
upon their coming to see me in the Fleet, on  
the first of January.*

**F**ARTHINGs, nor Silver, nor yet pleasing Toys,  
Your Father can bestow, my lovely Boys :  
Quite penny-less! depriv'd of Liberty ;  
The only Gift I can, I offer ye :  
'Tis my Advice, regard it, and be wise,  
And my first Counsel is, to tell no Lies :  
This Precept follow'd in your tender Youth,  
You'll grow insensibly in love with Truth ;  
Let Truth the Aim of all your Actions be,  
Plac'd in whatever Station or Degree :  
Avoid Contention in your playful Days ;  
The most good-natur'd Boy shall have my Praise.  
When grown mature, I warn you both take Care,  
And with each other's Foibles learn to bear :  
This Disposition cements mutual Love,  
And may in Time the Fault itself remove :  
The Ties of Nature oft' too loose are found,  
The Union's close, that is by Friendship bound.  
If prompt by Passion, urg'd by youthful Fires,  
Hurried you rush to violent Desires ;  
If too indulgently you quaff your Bowls,  
And mid-night Revels seek with jovial Souls,  
Remember this one Maxim I lay down,  
And be your Sire's Experience your own ;

For

For Joys you take excessive any way,  
 You must with Int'rest in Repentance pay :  
 Therefore whatever your Employment be,  
 Be temperate, courteous, affable and free ;  
 But shun Vain-glory and Austerity.

*An EPILOGUE spoken by the Author, at  
 his Benefit at Birmingham, after the Farce  
 of The Strollers.*

SINCE Reputation, good or bad we find,  
 Depends upon the Opinions of Mankind ;  
 — And just as Int'rests clash, or Fancies rule,  
 The Man by Turns is honest, Knave or Fool ;  
 — For be his Actions e'er so rightly meant,  
 Some shall approve, some treat them with Contempt :  
 Whoever levels then at general Fame,  
 Tho' e'er so cautious, will mistake his Aim.  
 He must, the Proverb says, (and not absurd)  
 By times rise up, who'as every one's good Word.  
 Since then no State, Condition, or Degree,  
 Escapes from Censure, or Detraction free ;  
 The Player sure must not exempted be.  
 A Wretch, a scandalous, a useless Thing,  
 A real Beggar, when a seeming King :  
 An idle, saucy Vagabond and Knave,  
 A Fellow on the Footing of a Slave.  
 Thus some perhaps ; — but others more humane,  
 May speak of Players in a kinder Strain ;  
 Use them as Mirrors plac'd before the Sight,  
 Who represent our mental Features right ;  
 And human Nature shew without Disguise,  
 Her naked Beauties and Deformities :

Each

Each various Passion, Humour, Character,  
 What we should imitate, and what abhor;  
 — Example more than Precepts does prevail,  
 And Men may Warnings take, when Counsels fail;  
 Our Faults and Foibles, tho' ridiculous  
 To others, rarely are perceiv'd by us;  
 But by this Art, which does no Folly spare,  
 Our common Blemishes reflected are;  
 An Art, that in Perfection's known to few,  
 Laborious, difficult, yet pleasant too.  
 We but Professors in't, not Masters are,  
 And therefore oft' may fail in Character;  
 But in our *Draughts*, should you a Likeness see,  
 We are content to please in some Degree:  
 And that Encouragement which you bestow,  
 Does from your Bounty, not our Merit flow;  
 Witness To-night, this kind Appearance here,  
 For which, with grateful Thoughts and Hearts  
 sincere,  
 We beg you wou'd our humble Thanks receive:  
 A small Return! but all we have to give.

**E I N I S.**